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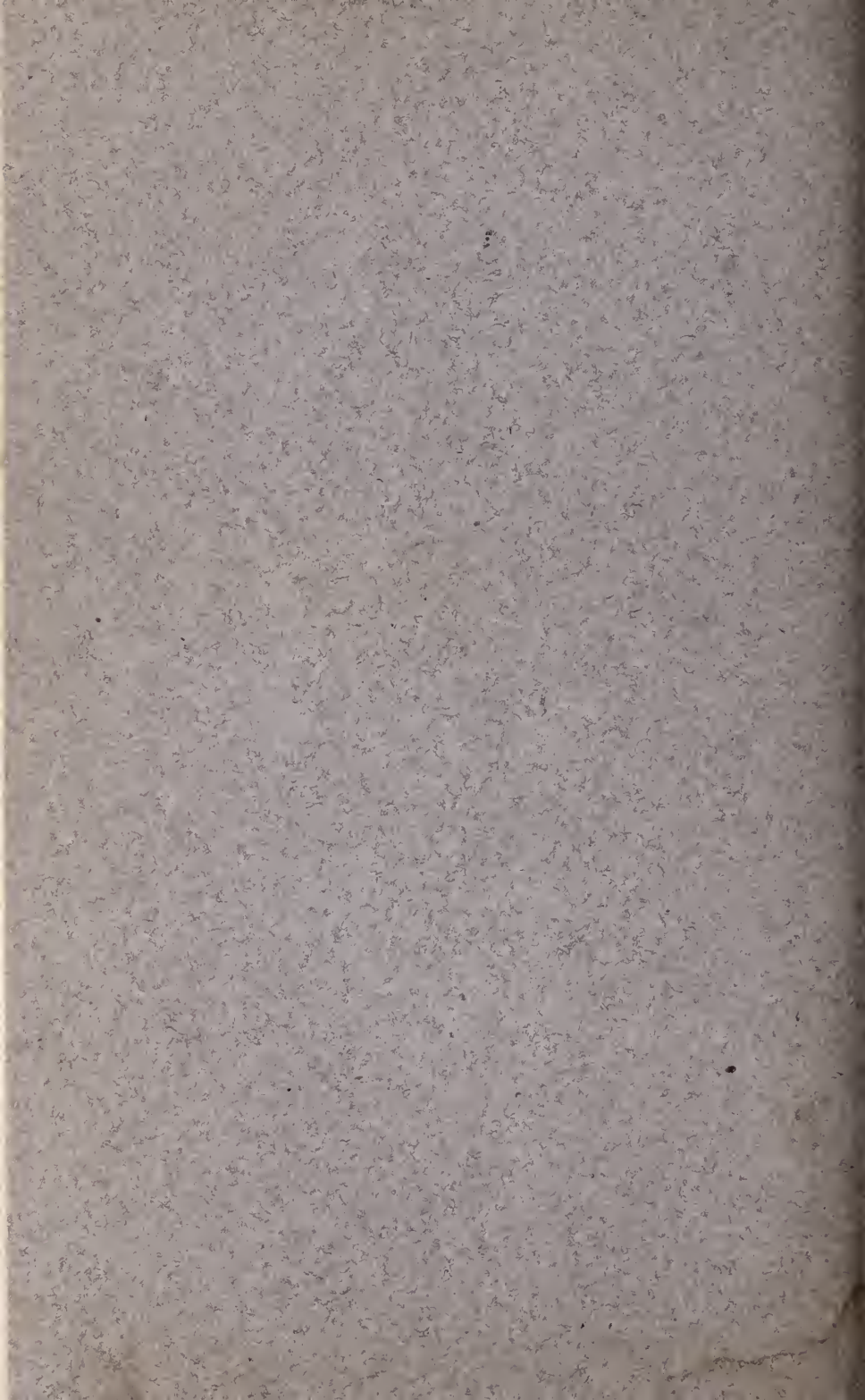
# The Missile

PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.



NOVEMBER, 1912





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## INDIAN SUMMER.

No more the battle or the chase  
The phantom tribes pursue,  
But each in its accustomed place  
The autumn hails anew;  
And still from solemn councils set  
On every hill and plain,  
The smoke of many a calumet  
Ascends to heaven again.

*John Banister Trbb.*



# THE MISSILE.

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## SUBSCRIPTION PRICE,

\$1.00 per session.

Single copies 15 cents.

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Address all communications to the Petersburg High School,  
Petersburg, Virginia.



# THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School,

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

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VOL. II.

NOVEMBER, 1912.

No. 1.

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There's the "Munsey," the "Ainslie," "Cosmopolitan,"  
"Life,"

Each devoted to fiction, religion, and strife;  
There are magazines smart and magazines simple,  
But, for data of worth, look out for the "Missile."

For base ball, school ethics, fools-essence, to-wit,  
Readings, deep lectures, and historical bits,  
Geometrical figures by students well-dressed,  
Its all in the "Missile" of old P. H. S.

Long may it reign, and bring not destruction  
On those who have labored to build its construction,  
We have only to say, who have given our best,  
May you like this one copy and subscribe to the rest.

*Lucille V. Wells, '10.*

## The Midnight Feast.

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GOOD GRACIOUS, MARIE! Are you never going to wake up? How can you sleep on such a night as this? I'm just shaking all over. It's all so delightfully exciting." Constance Grey, the freshman, was indeed in a state of nervous anticipation, in which she was certainly justified, for she was about to have her first experience in that unlawful pleasure of boarding-school life—a midnight feast.

"You say you can't sleep," drowsily replied Marie Simpson, "Well, I can."

"So I see," answered the freshman, indignant at the sophomore's behavior.

"Now, don't get angry, Conny dear," pleaded the older girl, adding sagely, "When you are as old as I am, my dear, you will have learned from experience that you had better get all the sleep you can before a feast."

"Maybe so, but isn't this night perfect! Now that the moon has risen we can see clearly without a candle." This was indeed a very desirable thing, for "lights out" bell rings at Miss Grayson's Seminary at half past ten.

"Listen! the girls are coming."

A low sound of muffled footsteps was heard in the corridor, then a slight tap on the door. At a word from the girls within, the door opened noiselessly, and a long line of girls, clad in kimonos and with hair braided down the back, crept in. Big girls, small girls, fat girls and tall girls, making a weird picture in the pale moonlight, came noiselessly in and settled themselves upon the floor.

"I'm so glad to see you!" greeted Constance, the hostess-in-chief.

"Are you really? Well, you know how glad we are to be here," politely returned the guests.

"Oh! this is delightful! But where is your candle?" asked a freshman, also at her first midnight feast.

"We aren't going to have one. The moon's bright enough to see how to eat, isn't it? Besides we might get caught," whispered Constance, cautiously.

"Pooh! Where's the fun, if you don't take any risk?" cried the disappointed freshman.

"Well, I had just as soon, but we haven't a candle," conceded Constance, somewhat ashamed of her timidity.

"Of course! What else could one expect! I know you two girls, so I came prepared," exclaimed one of the guests, producing a candle.

Constance lit the candle with reluctance, but felt she was playing her part splendidly, by thus overcoming her own fears in order to please her guests. However, she took care to place it where it could not be seen easily from without.

When all were settled Constance mysteriously drew forth from under the bed the delight of all school girls, a box from home. Then followed such a spread as only a freshman gives.

"Ah, this is what I call living!" exclaimed one of the girls, diving into the depths of the box to come up triumphant with a handful of delicious fried chicken.

"What was that," shuddered Constance. "Oh! I know I heard a step on the walk under the window."

"Nonsense! Don't these freshmen have ears though!" replied an older girl.

No one heeded Constance's nervousness, and the feast went merrily on.

"Marie, I feel so uneasy. I am sure some one has found us out," whispered Constance to her room-mate.

"Hush, child, no one is apt to be about at this time of night. Probably you heard a cat," reassured Marie.

"Heavens! look where the candle is! How did it get there? All turned with a look of horror to see the candle burning brightly on the window sill. Every one had been too preoccupied to notice this before.

"Why, I put it there," drawled a little girl near the window. "It was in my way where it was. What on earth is the matter!" This in a very alarmed tone.

"You ignorant little Freshman! do you know what you've done? This speech was interrupted by the sound of a footfall in the corridor.

"Horrors! We're discovered!" screamed a very fat girl in her vain attempt to roll under the bed.

Some one blew the candle out. Every one rushed frantically to some hiding place, Marie and Constance jumped into the bed.

"Oh! if we just hadn't lit the candle," sighed Constance. Then a tap on the door was heard, and all remained in terrified suspense, while the door slowly opened, and a shadowy form appeared in the doorway.

"My! what a hospitable party!" cried the figure in the doorway pleasantly.

"Kathleen Navis!" broke from the lips of all, in a burst of relief, as one and all the girls pounced upon the intruder, some laughing, some crying, all talking at once.

"I decided to come to-night instead of to-morrow, so I

thought I would drop into your party that you wrote so much about," explained Kathleen.

"We're awful glad to see you; but, gracious ! you gave us such a fright !" gasped Constance, as she collapsed on the bed.

*M. Francis Drewry, '14.*

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### The Blind Beggar.

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THE MISTY disagreeable November day enveloped the city. The drizzling rain and biting winds made outdoor existence very uncomfortable for all. Scarcely half a dozen persons were in sight, and even those were hurrying as fast as possible to escape the cold. Nevertheless in spite of the freezing winds, Old Joe stood on his accustomed corner. His kind old face, deeply furrowed with wrinkles, wore a look of despair, and the sightless eyes made a touching appeal for help. His faded coat, patched here and there, was drenched with rain and hung heavily on his drooping shoulders. Tiny rivulets of water dripped from his sleeves and his large, but torn hat, served as his only protection. The wrinkled hand which held the cup, shook more from age than from cold, and seemed scarcely able to support its burden. At each passing footstep he would hold out the rusty tin cup, begging aid; but no one heeded. Soon night came on and the streets were deserted, but through the dim light could be seen the outline of a drooping figure, standing alone on the corner.

*Florence Butler, '15.*

## A Crafty Jew.

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“**V**EL NOW, just you see vot dis is,” muttered old Isaac, emerging from the rear of his dirty little shop and proudly displaying on a piece of greasy paper a pair of neatly mended shoes. “Vot you tink of dot? Von dollar too much does you tink? Ven I does a goot jhob like dot von, I gets von dollar and two bits.”

“Well, Isaac, that’s just it; I do consider one dollar too much,” I answered. “I suppose I shall have to go elsewhere with my shoes.”

“No, no, vait, vait, me fix ’em, me fix ’em—seventy cents,” consented Isaac very reluctantly, his greed being overcome by the fear of losing his customer.

“Me fix ’em, but I say to you, donna tell; for vonce me favor you, den me haff more for to favor. Me do it, but donna tell.”

Such was one of my numerous scenes with the good-natured old cobbler. Several days later I learned that he had charged one of my friends a dollar and a quarter to mend a pair of shoes, who, not understanding Isaac’s ways, had unprotestingly paid. Needless to say Isaac accepted the money without comment.

It was no fault of Isaac’s, this craving for money. It was his nature to be always ready to get the last penny from any poor rustic unaccustomed to city life. He would not intentionally swindle one; indeed, he rather thought it his duty to get all he could, for, as he said with a downward droop of his shaggy eyebrows, “Me work much; me git lettle; but me git vot me can.”

Every one who knew him liked him, and consequently



overlooked this oddity; for Isaac, although stingy beyond redemption, was what every one called "a rather good sort." But even a new customer knew at once that he was miserly, for on entering the shop the first thing he saw was a badly painted sign, on which these words summed up the policy of the place: "In God we trust; all others please pay cash."

The shop itself, I must confess, did not add anything to Isaac's credit; for everything in sight was covered with dust and grease. The walls had been white-washed—once; but now they could almost boast of being papered, for all four sides were adorned with pictures, advertisements and signs, such as this: "Foot-wear vended and mended and foot-aches ended." The odor of a smoky oil stove pervaded the room, perfuming it in quite an oriental fashion, and the customers' bench, which had jestingly been called "the mercy seat," because one had to wait there so long, was heaped with dirty, out-of-date newspapers.

Isaac himself was an excellent specimen for a curio shop. With shirtsleeves rolled up to his elbows, he bent over his bench, so absorbed in his work that he seldom realized the facts that oil-stoves will invariably smoke and that fires will go out. His hair, plentiful around the ears but scant on top, was a leaden gray. His neck and face were furrowed with wrinkles; but the chin was firm, and the long flowing beard made him appear what he really was, a kindly, dignified old man.

Isaac's stock, as he termed it, was his great delight. Old shoes, uncalled-for ones, second-hand shoes,—in fact all that he could secure, he had mended and polished until they looked almost like new. This was Isaac's pride,



this long line of shoes, tan, yellow, wine-colored, and black, of every shape and size, which he sold at his usual bargain price of "one dollar, ninety-eight."

Isaac loved his shop, and we are led to believe the shop loved him; for although Isaac's tools have been idle for many years, the shop still stands a monument to his memory. He may have imposed on poor countrymen and made his "ninety eight cent" bargains; but we forgive him, for he was a faithful and efficient workman.

*Louise Tallbott, '13.*

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### **The Gift of "The Great Spirit."**

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WHEN my grandfather was a young man, he helped explore the west, surveyed boundary lines, and laid tracks for the first railroad to penetrate those vast expanses of desert and lofty, rugged mountains. They traveled in caravans, the chief engineer and his staff riding on horses, the luggage and instruments in great covered wagons, drawn by several yokes of oxen, and Indian guides traveling on foot and acting as interpreters when they met any of the tribes of original Americans. Besides the duties of exploring, establishing landmarks, and digging wells, they must also visit these tribes and acquaint them with certain desires and commands of the "Great Father" back in Washington, who had sent them to his children to assure them he loved them, and would treat them well.

One evening, after a glaring, hot day on the sands,

they came to an Indian village situated in a hollow between two high hills, about a mile or so from the desert. From afar they could hear the noises of the camp, in contrast to the twilight silence of the woods, just before the owl begins to tell his mournful tale, and just after the other winged inhabitants of God's green palaces have gone to sleep. There were the cries of children playing, horses stamping and neighing, and dogs barking, while the big camp fires, which had just been started, played fitfully through the trees on the faces of the dusty, weary travelers. The men were made welcome, more wood was thrown on the fires, and food was cooked and presented to them. The meal consisted of broiled ribs a dog, which, my grandfather said, they were obliged to eat for fear of offending their hosts if they did not. All diplomatic business was suspended until morning, so as to give the travelers a good rest. Being inured to the discomforts of camp life, they all rolled over on a pile of leaves that had been heaped for them in one of the lodges, and slept soundly until morning.

After the morning meal, which consisted of more dog meat made into a stew, diplomatic negotiations were opened around the council fire. My grandfather had no part to take in these proceedings; so he sat off in a corner and began to sketch one of the chiefs of the tribe. While thus occupied, a young brave saw him, crossed over to him, and stood by him, straight as a young sapling, until he finished the picture. Then, expressing his criticism by the characteristic "Ugh" of the Indian, he took the paper and pencil from my grandfather, and, himself began to sketch the figure of the chief engineer of the palefaces. Before he had finished, all the rest of the

Indians had crowded around the two artists, and were expressing their wonder and approval. My grandfather said that the young brave's picture was infinitely superior to his, and he was inclined to be almost superstitious when he learned the boy had never handled paper and pencil before; had never even seen them. The Indians all wanted my grandfather to give them a pencil and some paper, which they believed were gifts of the "Great Spirit" and would enable them to draw. He had difficulty in convincing them that the art was not so easily acquired. However, he supplied the young brave with some paper and a pencil, and afterwards arranged to send him to an art school in the East. I might add that my grandfather has never seen the boy since, but he often wonders what became of him, because he believes that the boy had something in him, and would have become famous enough for him to have heard of him if he had worked hard enough or had not met an untimely death.

X. Y. Z.

# Editorial.

“So, here hath been dawning another new day.  
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?”

HERE at the beginning of the school term we stand expectant and hopeful of great things, just as at dawn one may pause and wonder what this new day may bring forth. The sky is glowing and everything, refreshed by that peaceful rest which night affords, is awakening to resume its daily task. It is the most glorious time of the day. Nothing seems impossible then.

So at the beginning of the term everything seems possible, since we view things with hopeful eyes. Nothing daunts us. We tackle hard lessons with a vim and vigor that is really surprising; yet it is just the effect of the energy that has been stored up all summer. Just as everything, after resting during the night, awakes refreshed and renewed, so we come back full of hope and energy, with which we intend to make our hopes realizations. Energy knows nothing but success.

**W**E ADVANCE only by effort; therefore we do not hesitate to attempt to make our magazine better this year than it was last year. We do not know how far we shall progress in this direction, yet we firmly believe that with the support and honest effort of every pupil in the school our efforts will not be in vain.

**H**OPES that are reasonable animate us to put forth every effort to do our best. Our High School stands as one of the first in the State. We are proud of this. Can we not have the enthusiasm and efforts of all our school to make this magazine the best that can ever be hoped for and one that will reflect due credit on P. H. S.?

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## School Notes.

**A** GAIN we have assembled to resume our studies for the session 1912-1913. We miss many of the familiar faces of last session! Miss Hobbs, Miss Gorham, Miss Robertson, and Mr. Scott are not with us this year. We wish them the greatest success in their new fields of labor. Mr. Graham McManaway, a graduate from this school and an alumnus of Richmond College, has charge of the History department. He is substituting for Miss Robertson who has gone West to observe in the schools there. Miss Nettie Leftwich, for many years head of the Commercial department of the Emporia High School, takes Miss Gorham's place in the Commercial department and has already become a favorite among the pupils. All of her pupils say she is "perfectly grand." This year Miss Alice Dargan, a graduate of Columbia University, takes charge of the English department. Although we miss Miss Hobbs very much, we are all becoming attached to Miss Dargan, who is an excellent English teacher. Miss Agnes Stokes is another new member of our faculty. We wish her great success and hope that she will thoroughly expound the rudiments of Algebra to Freshmen. Mr. James Scott, who is now teaching in the John Marshall High School, visits our High School every Saturday morning. We think he would like to be with us again, and we should be right glad to have him too.

According to the translation of Miss A of IVB, the French people when traveling carry their clothes in smelling salts instead of suit-cases.

Alas! IVB's are intellectually drowning upon the "Sea of Edmund Burke." With a sigh, the majority answer, "I don't know," when called upon. The following, however, shows that there are a few who *may* yet recover:

Miss D.—(expecting the next topic). "Now, Mr. A., in the outline, what do we come to after the B?"

Mr. A. (hopefully): "We then come to C."

It's useless to say that the class roared.

In IIIB German class Mr. G. translated—"Wenn dieser Baum Fruchtetruge, so wurden wir Ihnen gern einige davon schicken."—"If this tree bears fruit, we would like to shake it."

Miss D.—"What magazine did Poe write for?"

Mr. Y. (of IIIA)—"Harper's."

Mr. C. of IIIA wishes to know where the Indians of America came from. He thought everybody was descended from Adam and Eve.

Mr. Darby and Mr. Peebles, formerly of IA have come into IB, after having missed one year from school. We hope they will reflect credit upon their new class. Among other new pupils who have come into IB are the Misses Mason and Leath.

Miss D.—Why did the Allans, who adopted Edgar Allan Poe, go to Scotland?

Miss Y. (of IIIA)—They went to see their ancestors.

Miss L. (in stenography class) —How is the character of "g" made, followed by "m" or "n"?

Miss P.—Slender.



Mr. A. of IVB (when called upon by Miss D.)—"I don't know."

Miss D.—"Well, why don't you know?"

Mr. A.—"I don't know; ask Butcher."

Corporations, federal governments, etc., had been fully discussed in IVB Civic Class.

Mr. M.—Mr. B., can you tell me of a town, not far from Petersburg, which is not a corporation?"

Mr. B.—"Yes, Ettrick."

After having discussed woman's suffrage every day in class, the IVB's have concluded that Mr. McManaway is a hearty champion of that noble cause.

The IVB Physics Class still entertains hope of giving to the world a "female scientist," for Miss Beatrice Coleman, defying such men as Galileo and Newton, persists in stating that a pound of lead outweighs a pound of feathers. This statement, when proved, will give many substantial facts to the scientific world, and the IVA's are "hopeful."

Miss Stokes is delivering, with great regularity, half demerits to the disorderly pupils of the IIB Class, who persist on talking between periods.

Mr. J. (of IIIA) has so vivid an imagination, that he pictures Edgar Allan Poe sleeping every night by the side of the sepulchre in which his wife was buried.

IB2 Class is very proud of itself, for no one has received a demerit. Let us hope they will maintain this excellent record.

The IVA Class regrets the loss of one of their most promising pupils, Mr. Bernard Potts. Not only is his

bright face and ever ready answer missed in class, but the "muscles of his brawny arms" will be sorely missed on the baseball field, where he shone as one of our most brilliant stars.

Miss Dorothy Spooner, who started with the IIA's, has stopped on account of sickness. We hope she will be able to resume her studies in February.

"The captain stood on the deck of the ship with his glasses in his hand and saw approaching them a storm."

Miss D.—"What does 'Them' point back to?"

Mr. C. (of IIIA)—"Back to the captain."

Miss D.—"Has the captain suddenly become two people?"

Mr. C.—"The captain and his glasses are two people."

The pupils of IIB English have an idea that every question must be answered according to the teacher's views, and not their own. This was plainly shown the other day when Miss Dargon asked, "What is the first letter of the alphabet?" The answer which she received was, "I don't know what you want me to say."

Miss D.—"When did Poe write most of his poems?"

Mr. M. (of IIIA)—"When he was talking out of his head."

The friends of Mr. Morrison of IIIA, who has been sick for a few days, will be glad to know that he has returned to school.

Have you seen the IVA's new class pins? "Awfully cute," you say. Well, they ought to be, for the class were four years deciding. The girls couldn't decide on the color, the boys—well, we won't give details, but between you and me, they couldn't decide on the "Two-fifty."

Miss D.—“Tell something about Pope, who wrote the ‘Messiah.’”

Miss W. (of IIIA)—I thought the Pope was the head of the Catholic Church.”

Already our school has had many visitors. Col. Preston Gray, Principal of “Bingham’s School” for boys, spent an afternoon with us and gave some interesting little talks in each room, which the pupils enjoyed very much. Dr. Booker, pastor of Washington Street Methodist Church, conducted the opening exercises one morning for us. Another morning Mr. Stribling, pastor of Tabb Street Presbyterian Church, delivered an excellent address. We have also had teachers from the Richmond High School to visit us. We wish to extend a cordial invitation to all who are interested in schools to visit us.

#### ROLL OF HONOR.

The Roll of Honor for the school month ending October 11th is as follows:

IA. Evelyn Butcher, Isabel Banks, Theo. Roettger.

IB. Alice Lee Mason, Helen Roper, William Nufer,  
Wade Temple.

IIA. Richard Gilliam.

IIIA. M. Francis Drewry, Virginia Ridenour, Reuben Alley.

IVA. Agnes Stribling, Gustav Svetlik, Frank Scott,

IVB. Lilla Gerow, Lillian Powers.

# Alumni Notes.

BEATRICE M. COLEMAN, - - - *Editor.*

MISS Cora M. Rolfe, the first honor graduate of the class of 1912, is now a student of Randolph-Macon Woman's College. She entered without condition.

Misses Fanny and Mary Sterling Smith, and Ruth Percivall, '11, have returned to the State Normal, Farmville, Va.

Mr. Arthur James, '09, now a student at William and Mary College, but formerly of the Petersburg High School, visited us a few weeks ago on his way from Panama.

Mr. Graham McManaway, a graduate of P. H. S., '07, who received his A. B. degree from Richmond College last June, is now the head of the History Department of this school.

Mr. Charles Edgar Gilliam, '12, Editor-in-Chief of "The Missile" for last session, is now a student at the University of Virginia.

Miss Mary Moylan Banks, '12, is registered as a student at the State Normal, Farmville, Va.

Miss Alice Hays is teaching in Ettrick.

Mr. Harvey P. Baxter, '12, is holding a position at Leonard's Hardware store in this city.

Miss Pearl Mann, '12, is teaching at Matoaca.

Mr. Earnest N. Townes, '12, is now holding a position at Seward's Trunk and Bag Co., the largest trunk factory in the world.

Mr. Earl McKesson, '12, has matriculated at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Va.

Mr. Wm. Reese, '10 who is a student at the University of Medicine, Richmond, Va., visited the High School recently.

Mr. George Morrison, '11, has returned to Washington and Lee, where he is taking a course in civil engineering.

Miss Lilly James is spending the winter at Bedford City, Va.

Mr. Nicholas B. Munsen, '12, is now a student of law at the University of Virginia.

Mr. Frank Talley, a former member of the IVA class, is now in the insurance business. He has our best wishes for success.

Miss Lelia Lassiter, who was with the present IVA class during the severe trials of Sophomore and Junior years, is now continuing her studies at "Sweet Briar."



# Athletics

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**F**OOTBALL season has set in in earnest at the Petersburg High School. At the call of Captain Pollard, about twenty-five men reported for practice, among whom are some very promising candidates.

The prospects for the coming season are exceptionally bright. There are seven last year's "letter men" back at school this year, besides some very good new material. The backfield is supposed to be the same as last year's, with the exception of Kinsey at Right Half Back. Elliot, who played on end last year, is probably the man who will hold down this position this season. Young, who played right end last year, will more than likely hold down the some position this year, while for the other end Booth is making a strong bid. Booth weighs only about 114 pounds, but he is rather fast, tackles hard and low, and knows the game. For the line, Gill, Mears and Pillow are three promising candidates. Camp has been switched from Right Guard to Left Tackle, where he is showing up well. Right Guard will probably be played by Gill, while Mears and Pillow will probably alternate at Left Guard.

Mr. Gilliam has again consented to coach the team,

and that in itself insures a successful season, if such a thing is within the range of possibilities.

Manager Perkinson has been busy arranging a schedule, but since it has not been completed, it is impossible to publish it.

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Well, the football team has played its first game and won it by the score of 13 to 0. This game was played on our grounds with the the Chester Agricultural High School.

Petersburg won the game in the first three minutes of play, when Andrews plunged through the line for a touchdown, after which Pollard kicked a perfect goal. The second touchdown was made by Petersburg in the first part of the second quarter, when Andrews again carried the ball across the goal line.

In the last half Chester tightened up and neither side scored in either quarter.

As a whole, the Petersburg team showed up very well, the work of Young and Andrews being exceptionally good.



# Exchange Department.

M. FRANCIS DREWRY, - - - *Editor.*

THERE is much to be approved in "The World" of St. Paul Central High School, Minnesota. We wish to congratulate you upon your artistic and appropriate cover, also upon the essay, "Teachers," which is an excellent theme. The cuts and cartoons add much to the magazine. However, the departments are not very well balanced, and some of the jokes are not at all representative of a high school. More stories would add to the interest of your literary department, as a poem would also.

The "Virginia Guide" contains its usual stock of valuable information and interesting exhibitions of the work of the blind and deaf. "The Story of Names in Middle Virginia" is especially commendable, but not more so than several shorter "bits of knowledge."

"College Topics" from the University of Virginia is an exceedingly good paper, and fulfills every anticipation aroused by its title. The equal treatment of all topics of interest is an excellent feature of this paper.

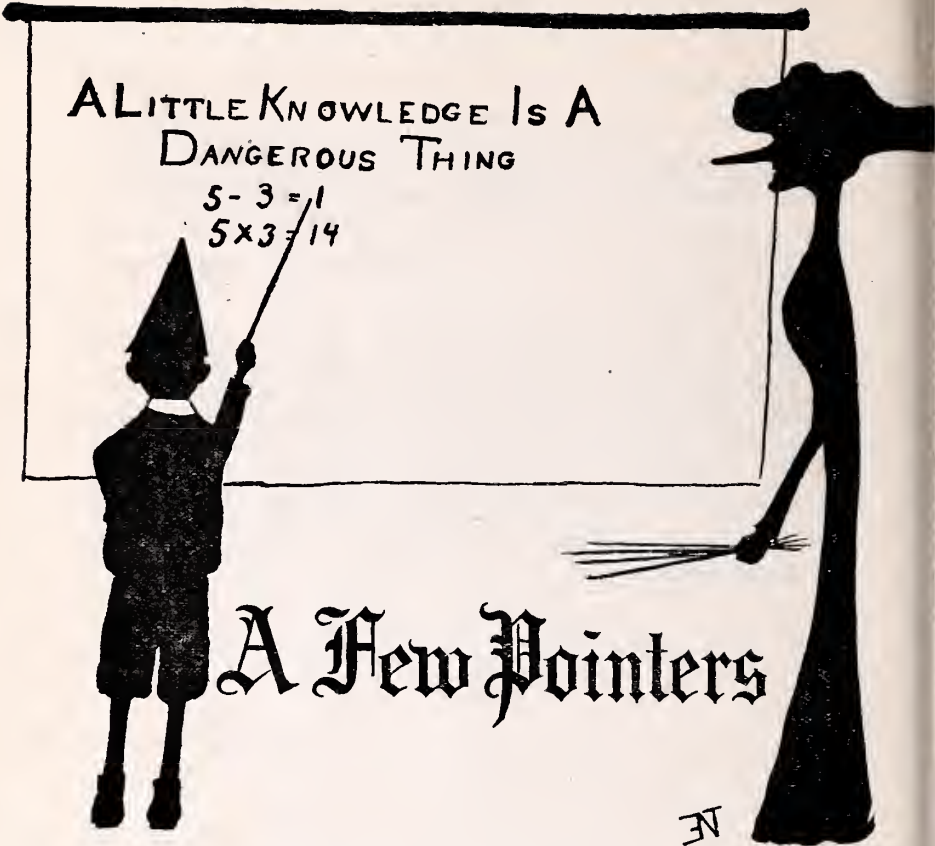
In the "Cadet" of the Virginia Military Institute the argument in favor of the Literary Societies is especially good. Although athletics occupy a very important place in every school, it should be remembered that there are other things equally as important.

The "Onas" is certainly one of the best magazines upon

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our exchange list. All the departments of the October number are remarkably well balanced and interesting. The editorial is especially good, and the literary department, to which the poem adds much, is excellent. The only suggestion that we can make is that of your editor, that you add a few cuts and illustrations to your already excellent magazine.

The departments of the "Record" are very interesting and entertainingly written, but do you not think your literary department would be improved by a few long stories instead of so many short ones? The poem, "The Sunshine of Love" is splendid, and adds considerably to your magazine. Congratulations upon your large number of advertisements!



A blackboard with a white border. On the left, a small boy in a dark suit and a tall pointed hat stands with his back to the viewer, pointing a stick at the blackboard. On the right, a tall, thin, dark silhouette of a man with a long neck and a large, open mouth stands holding a broom. The blackboard contains the text 'A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING' and two math problems:  $5 - 3 = 1$  and  $5 \times 3 = 14$ .

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A  
DANGEROUS THING

$$5 - 3 = 1$$
$$5 \times 3 = 14$$

## A Few Pointers

### ADVICE TO FRESHMEN.

If you desire to keep ahead in your studies, make good use of the head you've got.

### WHY JEFFERSON WROTE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

History Teacher—"James, why did Jefferson write the Declaration of Independence?"

James—"Jefferson was famed throughout the country for the beautiful hand he wrote; in fact he was the best

penman in Virginia. Therefore he was selected to write the Declaration of Independence."

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### GOOD FOR EVIL.

"What did you do, Tommy, when James called you a liar?" inquired the teacher.

"I remembered, teacher, that you said "a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

"You are a nice boy, Tommy; what soft answer did you give him?"

"I hit him with a tomato."

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### TWO OF A KIND.

A passerby met a colored woman with her two children.

"Is this a girl?" he asked, indicating one.

"Yassir, dat's a gal," was the reply.

"And does this one belong to the contrary sex?" he asked, motioning towards the other one.

"Yassir, she answered, "yessir, dat's a gal too."

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A farmer, who had just entered his daughter in a boarding school, was talking with the President of the institution.

"I see," said the farmer, "that you charge a 'Physics Fee of \$5. Now I am glad of that, and I think it's fine to have all the physic furnished by the school. Last year Sally Ann was sick, and her medicine alone cost me over \$20."

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### JUST SO!

A farmer journeying into Petersburg heard the famil-

iar honk of an approaching automobile. Just as he stepped out of the way of the machine, he was struck and knocked down by a motor cycle. As he picked himself up he said thoughtfully: "And who would have thought that that thing would have had a colt."

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### RANK IGNORANCE.

On Wednesday evening of the Fair week, a man was endeavoring to cling to the letter box at the corner of Sycamore and Washington. A stranger approached him and asked if he knew where the Second Presbyterian Church was. "Naw," was the reply, "I don't even know where the First Presbyterian Church is."

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"Louis, Louis! What beautiful hats! How cute they are—real poems!"

"What a shame my pockets have no rhyme for such poems."—Ex.

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### LITTLE BOY'S SOLILIQY.

"Gee, I wish I had a history\* that would repeat itself."  
—Judge.

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### JUST AS IT HAPPENED IN 6A.

Teacher: "What is antitoxin?"

Bright Pupil: "It is 'power in the blood'."



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